By FRANK H. SWEET.

Copyright, 1908, by Frank H. Sweet.

lovers were made quick pod. into fairles' land by the beautifool white swan," concluded the tale told the children by the little German governess.

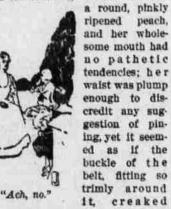
"It's a pretty story," sald Della, "but not as nice as the one about the little wooden shoes, is it, Joe?"

"Yes," disagreed Joe, "better. The wooden shoe one chops off in the middle and doesn't end."

"But it might end some time, mightn't it, fraulein?" Della questioned earnestly.

"Ach, no-not until floats back the one shoe that was not more seen by the boy and girl playmates."

Fraulein Wilma Kraft was not lackadaisical. Her eyes were a cheerful blue and looked philosophically upon life as she found it; her face was like



faintly-about as much as the extra strain of a sigh might occasion.

"I wish I had been the girl to go paddling barefoot in the rushes in the edge of the lake." Della looked with discontented eyes upon the fine kid blumen break-vat you care? Now, that held in her rebellious toes. "What Go you think became of the shoe that floated away, fraulein?"

"Ah, who could say that?" "Well, I wish I could see a wooden shoe-I never did," Della mourned, with a dismally defrauded expression that turned fraulein's heart to wax.

"Tomorrow iss the Saturday's holiday," she reminded. "Come you up to pungent tongue. mein brutter's house once-ask the mutterkin-there haf I the one little shoe that the girl safed yet."

"Goody!" rejoiced Della. "Mommy won't care. How did you get the shoe, fraulein?"

"Ask me not some questions and I laughing and springing suddenly up. "I must now absent me."

Going down the granite walk of the Stanhope grounds, Fraulein Wilma

passed Miss Aurelia's new music teacher in the shadow of the winged grifan that snarled above the gateway. He was large, the professor, and ruddy cheeked; his hair, the color of a fresh pine shaving, hung straight to his ears and then curled under; his eyes shone amiably down under big round glasses. Kindly Profess-

or Yost could scarcely pass by "Gute efening." a cow in un-

friendly silence, much less a little rosy patrons. A respectful "Gute efening" in broad, mellow German tones reached her sociable soul.

"Gute efening," she responded, with a quaintly distant courtesy, and went her way, dreaming absently of red clover patches and strong, shapely trees and tranquilly flowing water brooks, all because of the ruddy German with his mellow greeting.

Frau Lena Kraft scolded loudly about the prospective invasion of the Stanhope children on the next day.

"Schildren cooming on the Saturday alretty," she protested shrilly. "They will the cleaning hinter and some mud on the clean floors make!"

Each Saturday it was the good fran's practice to so scrub and scour and time she had splash and sluice the cottage that it playing with the was surprising there was a sliver of woodwork left about it. And Wilma papa and mamwas not excused from sharing the

in the face of the fact that she paid her board to her brother and his wife. Lena was a thrifty soul and a driving one. "She pay fife tollar efery week? That

make no different," would Lena asseverate. "Vat you make, "She will scour Lena ? the tin ant the

coffee kuchen bake ant make the socks So Wilma's opportunity for retro-

dered stormy. Herman, the slow, tranquil husband and brother, smoked his long stemmed pipe in unconcerned silence through Lena's brawlings, but occasionally he opened his mouth briefly and quenched

"Vat you make, Lena? Let the schildren coom," he said comfortably on this occasion.

And Lena submitted, though with to which Herman paid as little atter- and darn in peace. the two so fond tion as to the rattling of a dry bean

The birds among the trees in the als unusually early in response to the ing, brooming and mopping begun in faithfully burnished tinware flashed broken javelins to the rising sun. The good frau was still searching for undrenched corners and Wilma busy fry- assist her in carrying out the suggesing big round apple butter doughnuts the freshly reddened brick walk edged with blue flag clumps and a fringe of and always smelled of cocoanut oil lad's love.

A dark presage of tracks, together with Wilma's desertion of the doughnuts to show

and wide.

were hover

knots of the sa-

the children the wooden shoe, set Lena buzzing like a red wasp. When the fat little sabot, with its odd, curved flat heel, had the inner circle of Wilma's trunk and Joe and Deling dangerously close to the pink

The wooden shoe.

cred oleander. Lena fell upon fraulein. "Ach, himmel!" she scolded. "The house we must to the schildren gif yet -yess. Some tracks they make ant the yust make on your ponnet once ant make dose schildren home-yess."

Fraulein found no hardship in compliance. Better the smell of dew wet earth than that of boiling lard; more congenial a crisp morning walk between strips of spangled grass than the monotonous forming of knobby fried cakes and the tireless refrain of Lens's

The children skipped happily beside their little plump governess along the sleepy bystreet which ran suddenly out into the wide avenue where rose the griffin guarded gate. From the opposite side came Professor Yost, beaming roslly, his sleek, pine shaving hued hair tell you not some fips," said fraulein, gleaming with the vigor of its recent brushing.

"Guten morgen," he greeted as the four reached the shadow of the griffin. "Guten morgen," fraulein responded sedately, retreating gently. "Guteby. schildren. I must absent me."

The professor's eyes beamed commendingly after the fresh, starchy blie calico of fraulein's disappearing house wrapper.

yet?" he asked the children, who went hopping before him like robins.

Wilma Kraft," Della replied. "She's"-"Vas?" The professor was standing stock still on the stone walk with his mouth open. "Vere lif she at, hey?"

"In the peaky little house down the next street that looks like mamma's Swiss music box. It's got little bits of window panes, with big red oleanders standing in front. And there's candiesticks and blue plates in a long row on the shelf, and fraulein has a wooden shoe in her trunk"-

"Wooten shoe?" the professor repeated.

"Yes, a stumpy little Dutch wooden a story about it. A German boy and a fraulein in the employ of his own German girl used to play together beshoes for boats, and once one shoe floated away, and they couldn't tell where it went. They paddled and paddled in the edge of the water in their feet and bare

sailed out on a raft to find it. and they could The girl not. cried because she was afraid her papa would not buy her any more shoes, and she kept the one shoe to remind her what a nice

boy, for her ma moved away, household tasks and she never saw him again,

"Vas?" but she never forgot him. Why, professor, where are you running off to? Weren't you going to give Reelle her music lesson?"

The visit of the young Stanhopes and the delayed frying of the doughnuts soured Lena for the day. She scolded Wilms roundly for both happenings and made a clean job while she was about it by berating her for all the shortcomings she could rake out of the dim past and saddle upon the plump

shoulders of her sister-in-law. Patiently the fraulein bore the stings and arrows of her relative's tongue. Lena was much the elder, and Wilma seldom talked back. With serene forehead and blue, unclouded eyes she trotspect or day dream was narrowed to of shrill reproach and blunt sarcasm. the darning hour, and even that in her sturdy German mechanism there Lena's sharp tongue oftentimes ren- was no place for hysterical nerves.

And still she was a human little person, with warm blood and an inheritance of sentiment throbbing deep in her sensible bosom. She was glad when the apple butter cakes in their knobby rotundity and the sheets of cinnamon sprinkled coffee kuchen for the Sunday breakfast were set away,

in company with Lena's feather bed, like loaves of bread, and she could sit near the green paper shaded window in much wasplike scolding and buzzing, the sitting room and see the oleanders

Over the plump pink fingers of her left hand she drew a big yarn sock and set to weaving a blue latticework quaint old Dutch yard of the Krafts across the grinning hole, wondering in opened their Saturday morning rehears | a patiently tranquil way if there might the Morning Astorian. ever be a loophole of escape for her sound of Frau Kraft's swishing, splash- from Lena's perpetual driving and scolding. Her brother Herman had one the rosy gray dawn, and the fraulein's time given her the practical counsel: "You shouldt get married once."

And Otto Boppert, the prosperous barber on the next block, stood ready to tion. Fraulein was studying about when the young Stanhopes raced up Otto now. Otto was short, but very wide. His hands were fat and moist seap. His face was red and glistening, as if he had but just been dipped from the lard kettle. He laughed in a puffy way, which gave the impression that he was stuffed full of feathers, and he never seemed to think about much besides customers and eatings. Maybe some time she would not mind those things, but now, just after meeting Professor Yost-

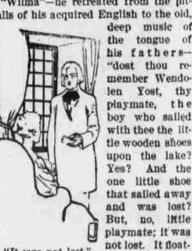
Again Wilma's belt buckle creaked. Presently a good round knock at the entry door roared its way through the been returned to faint spattering sounds from the kitch- FOR RENT-FURNISHED HOUSE en, where Lena was scouring the flour barrel and slop pail.

"Pettlers," thought fraulein, going tranquilly on with her blue weftage as Lena's flat shoes slapped belligerently forward.

As the door opened she heard the fresh, wholesome voice of the "Guten morgen." "Oggskoose-if the Fraulein Wilma Kraft lif heer yet."

"Ach, ja." Lena's shrill tones responded. "You should valk in, once." And into the sitting room walked Professor Yost, broad, ruddy and smiling cheerfully. He carried a small parcel wrapped in brown paper, which he proceeded silently to unroll. Then he held out upon his broad palm a little wooden shoe.

falls of his acquired English to the old, deep music of



his fathers-"dost thou remember Wendo-Yost, thy len playmate, the boy who sailed with thee the little wooden shoes upon the lake? one little shoe that sailed away and was lost? But, no, little torian, Ore. playmate; it was

not lost. It float-"It was not lost." ed to the island and caught fast in the reeds, and one "Vas ist the little fraulein's name day after the girl playmate was gone the boy found it there and tenderly carried it ashore. And the boy kept it for love of his girl playmate-the pretty little wooden shoe. Now, see, my Wilma, if I speak not the truth, for here is the girl's name carved into the little sole-'Wilma Kraft'-and the date the boy found it in the reeds. He carved them so. Hast thou been walting these years, little Wilma, for thy playmate lover? Let us wait no longer, my beloved. We have found each other."

A Piute Indian Myth.

The Plute Indian myth of the sun, moon and stars is as crudely anthropomorphic as can be found in any savshoe," Della babbled on. "She told us age belief. The moon is the sun's wife. The stars are his children. When he appears the children skedadside a lake and sail the girl's wooden die. They live in terror of him. He eats them when he can catch them. His stomach-the only part of him one can see-is stuffed with stars. When he goes to bed the children emerge again from their hiding places in the blue. The moon is fond of her children, who smile as she moves among them. Every month she goes into mourning because her cannibal husband has eaten one of them. The Plute Indians account for the appearance of a comet by stating that the sun often snaps at one of the stars, his children, and does not get hold of it-he only tears a piece out-and the star, getting wild with pain, goes flying across the sky with a great spout of blood flowing from it. It is then very much afraid, and as it flies it always keeps its head turned to watch the sun, its father, and never turns its face away from him until it is far out of his reach.

Must Have Had Experience.

"Never mind, dear," he said reassuringly as she raised her sweet face from his shoulder and they both saw the white blur on his coat; "it will all brush off."

"Oh, Charlie," she burst out, sobbing, hiding her face again upon his whitey shoulder, "how do you know?"-Somerville Journal.

Both Ways.

Woman-Now that I have fed you, are you going without doing your work? Tramp-Oi couldn't wurruk on an impty stomach, mum, an' Oi nivir worruk on er full one, so there yez be! -Smart Set.

An innocent heart suspects no guile. -Portuguese Proverb.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

HELP WANTED

WANTED-TWO MESSENGER boys. Apply Western Union. 7-4-tf WANTED-A HOUSE GIRL; \$25 per month. Enquire at Hoefler's.

WANTED-A GOOD GIRL FOR general housework; four in family; no washing or ironing; must be good cook; wages \$25. Apply at office of 7-17-3t

\$2.00 STARTS A FINE LOCAL business, daily profits \$5 to \$10; par- HOWARD M. BROWNELL ticulars free; write today. B. F. Locs Co., Des Moines, Ia."

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE-A 100-PIECE SET OF Haviland China, in perfect condition, cheap. Inquire at the McCrea-Ford studio. 7-15-ti

FIRST-CLASS DENSMORE TYPE writer, at half price; also light driving team, buggy and harness; together or separately. C. E. Barney, with Warren Packing Co., Astoria

FOR RENT.

RENT - FURNISHED FOR houekeeping and single rooms. 677 Exchange street.

keeping rooms. Enquire 224 14th street, between Franklin and Ex-7-17-6t

FOR RENT-TWO NICELY FURnished rooms with gas and water, corner 11th and Bond. 7-12-6t

FOR RENT-FURNISHED AND unfurnished rooms; electric light and water. 454 Bond cor. 10th. 30-tf.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WANTED-TO BUY A HORSE: weight about 1250 pounds; not over 8 years old; must be good driver and "Wilma"-he retreated from the pit- gentle, also city broke. Address Astorian office.

HOUSE MOVERS.

FREDRICKSON BROS.-We make a specialty of house moving, carpenters, contractors, general jobbing; prompt attention to all orders. Corner Tenth and Duane streets.

MASSAGE.

Yes? And the OLGA KANTONEN, FINNISH masseuse and steam baths, room 6, Pythian Bldg., Commercial St., As-

MISCELLANEOUS

Smith's Special Delivery

EXPRESS AND BAGGAGE Leave Orders at Star Cigar Store. Phone Black 2383 Res. Phone Red 2276. Stand Corner 11th and Commercial.

Plate Racks, Wall Pockets Music Racks, Clock Shelves Just in-See us

Hildebrand & Gor Old Bee Hive Bldg.

EMPLOYMENT OFFICE.

J. F. NOWLEN

Real Estate and Employment Office 473 Commercial St., Phone -

Have fine list of Astoria and country property. All classes of labor furnished.

The Star is erecting a plant at

PORTLAND, OREGON for the manufacture of their world famous PORTABLE WELL

DR'LLING MACHINES for water, oil, gas, etc., etc. *A moderate amount of money will start you in a profitable business. STAR PORTABLE

DRILLING MACHINES

have been proved by

Competitive Tests to be The Best In The World. For full particulars regard-ing well drilling machines, tools, supplies, etc., write to

THE STAR DRILLING MACHINE CO. PORTLAND, OREGON, AKRON, OHIO,

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW

CHARLES H. ABERCROMBIE Attorney-at-Law

City Attorney Offices: City Hall JOHN C. McCUE

Attorney-at-Law Deputy District Attorney. Page Building Stite

Attorney-at-Law Office with Mr. J. A. Eakin, at 42 Commercal St., Astoria.

OSTEOPATHS.

DR. RHODA C. HICKS Osteopath Office Mansell Bldg. Phone Black 2065

573 Commercial St., Astoria, Ore. DENTISTS

DR. VAUGHAN Dentist Pythian Building, Astoria, Oregon

DR. W. C. LOGAN Dentist

Commercial St. Shanahan Bldg.



COR. 11TH AND COMMERCIAL

Office hours-8:30 A. M. to 8: P. M. Sunday-10:00 to

Phone Number Main 3901. Painless Extractions - 50c

Corner Commercial and 11th

Sts. over Danziger store.

RESTAURANTS. TOKIO RESTAURANT.

Opposite Ross, Higgins & Co. Coffee with Pie or Cake 10 Cts. FIRST-CLASS MEALS

Regular Meals 15 Cts. and Up.

U. S. RESTAURANT. 434 Bond Street.

Coffee with Pie or Cake, 10 Cts. First-Class Meals, 15 Cts.

FISH MARKET.

77 Ninth St., near Bond Fresh and Salted Fish. Game and Poultry. Groceries, Produce and Fruit Imported and Domestic Goods.

P. Bakotitch & Feo, Proprs. Phone Red 2183

I. M. WALKER, Pres.

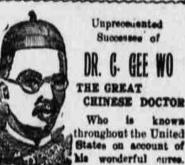
UNDERTAKERS.

J. A. GILBAUGH & CO., Undertakers and Embalmers. Experienced Lady Assistant When Desired.



Calls Promptly Attended Day or Night. Tatton Bdg. 12th and Duane Sts ASTORIA, ORE.GON Phone Main 2111

MEDICAL



No poisons or drugs usec.. He guarantees to cure estarrh, asthma, lung and throat trouble, rheumatism, nervousness, stomach, liver and kidney, female complaints and all chronic diseases. SUCCESSFUL HOME TREATMENT.

If you cannot call write for symptom blank and circular, inclosing 4 cents to THE C. GRE WO MEDICINE CO. 1624 First St., Corner Morrison.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

PLUMBERS.

JNO. A. MONTGOMERY PLUMBER

Heating Contractor, Tinner -AND-

Sheet Iron Worker ALL WORK GUARANTEED 425 Bond Street.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY. Younce & Baker PLUMBERS TINNERS

Steam and Gas Fitting All Work Guaranteed. 126 Eighth Street, opp. Post Office. Phone Main

LAUNDRIES.

WE WASH Everything but the Baby and return

TROY LAUNDRY Tenth and Duane

Phone Main 1991

verything but the dirt.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

UNIVERSITY OF OREGON MMER SESSIO

SPECIAL COURSES IN EACH DEPARTMENT FOR TEACHERS REDISTRAR, UNIVERSITY OF OREGON, ENGERS, QUI



You want the best money can buy in food, clothing, home comforts, pleasures, etc., why not in education?

Portland's Leading Business College offers such to you and at no greater cost than an inferior school. Owners practical teachers More Calls than we can fill Teachers actual business men In session the entire year

Positions guaranteed graduates Catalogue "A" for the asking O. A. BOSSERMAN, Secy.